

Universal Reclamation

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Summary: When a Great Journey ends, another begins...As the Normandy is assigned to pick up an artefact located on Eden Prime an Alliance scouting flotilla discovers something which could forever change their destined path; They thought that the Citadel was an engineering marvel...they hadn't seen Capital.

## 1. Discovery

Universal Reclamation

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Chapter One "Discovery"

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><p><em>35 days (five weeks) before the Eden Prime Incident<em>

Deep within the confines of a large man-made structure known as Arcturus Station, was a room cut-off from the prying eyes of others. The room itself was mostly spartan; an old wooden desk, a few bookshelves, and a leather chair which was currently being sat upon by an elderly gentleman with grey facial hair. The elderly man in question was none other than Admiral Steven Hackett; one of the most influential men in the Systems Alliance. The scars which adorned his face only spoke of experience, but his blue eyes showed a cunning and intelligence which so few have.

Steven Hackett's attention was firmly entrenched on the orange glowing screen in front of him, where his eyes carefully drifted across whatever was on the screen. After a few minutes Hackett seemed to have aged drastically, his shoulders had lost its rigid form and his eyelids lazily closed. The screen of his terminal seemed to stay on the last section as he re-read it again and again.

'\_My personal recommendation Admiral is to board the station and not inform the Council. I distinctly remember a case like this a few years ago, when we found a Prothean artefact and we weren't allowed access until their teams had everything they wanted. The exact same would happen here, they would gain the important technology while we would only get scraps. \_

\_The ball is in our court, Admiral. If we inform the Council we will most likely lose the station. If we however neglect to inform them we could possibly gain technology never seen before and have an advantage over the other races.\_

\_Captain Elisa Castillo  
>3<em>\_rd\_\_ Advanced Scouting Flotilla.'\_

After his fifth time of reading the file, Admiral Hackett was given the opportunity to choose between the options given to him by the Captain. Wearily gazing at the Council transmission button flicking on his terminal, he opened the transmission.

The faces of three different races immediately sprung up on his terminal replacing the report he received. The first of the three races was the Asari, this race had essentially a Human female body but the differences were still plain to see; their skin colour was the easiest to point out as they had blue skin, and instead of hair they had wavy scalp tendrils.

The next race was the Turians; they could be described as having avian features with their sharp beady eyes, while their face is made up of a plate-like skin texture which forms an angular head. The face of a Turian is normally covered in paint to represent their colony of birth and Turians without a these markings are considered untrustworthy in their own culture. Their 'hands' are essentially two fingers and an opposable thumb which elongate the end to make very sharp claws which stick true to their predator evolution. The lower half of their body was also remarkably different as they had spurs extend from where a human's calf would be and their 'toes' were only two points at the end of their feet.

The last race on his screen was a Salarian; the most distinctive feature of a Salarian was the large black eyes reminiscent of old portrayals of aliens in Human films. The next easily spotted features was their weedy body, three digit hands, and two horn like protrusions from the top of their head along with their grey skin colour.

The voice of the very soft spoken Asari calmly began the conversation.

"Admiral Hackett, It is good to see you again."

"What can I do for you, councillors?" The gravelly voice of Admiral Hackett echoed around his quiet office.

"We have a simple mission that needs doing, and we believe that the \_SSV Normandy \_is fully capable of completing it." The flanging voice of the Turian was projected through the terminal speakers and reverberated off the office walls.

"Yes, perfect opportunity to test the \_Normandy\_. A Council Spectre will be sent with the \_Normandy." \_ Looking at the Salarian councillor's smile and a very quick nod of the head gave Admiral Hackett an understanding of why they wanted a resource like the \_Normandy.\_

"That shouldn't be too hard to arrange councillors." Admiral Hackett's eyes left the transmission and glanced down towards the report that was still open before looking back at the councillors.

"If that is everything councillors, I have a lot of work to do." With a set of nods from each of the councillors, Hackett closed the transmission and by doing so chose made his decision about the mysterious station.

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><p>"...red, I think he's coming to." The muffled voice was hard to hear over the ear splitting ringing sound echoing in his head. After a few seconds the person's vision was coming back, but was very hazy as he could only make out two large black blobs with two smaller golden blobs above him. After a few more seconds his vision cleared up to the point that he could make out that the two black blobs were the armour of the people towering over him, and the golden blobs were their visors.<p>

The armour looked very unique as the important sections of the body like the chest, forearms, hands, hip, thighs, shins and feet were covered in bulky metal plates which only showed a few vulnerable spots where the joints were.

>However there seemed to be an under suit which encompassed the individual's body, this under armour covered the exposed areas where the metal plates didn't reach.<p>

The person on the floor knew this armour very well; it was the trademark armour of the Spartans the MJOLNIR Powered Assault Armour. As a Spartan himself Matt-094 spent most of his life inside the armour, to the point where it became an extension of him.

Slowly attempting to get up the Spartan heard his under suit creak ever so slightly, breaking the silence around him before the sound of his titanium boots thudded against the metal floor. Once standing again the figure looked around the dark hallway which was riddled with deep gouges and burn marks.

"Sentinel Beam damage by the looks of it." The voice came from within his helmet and had a very soft and soothing feminine voice; the voice was Kelly-087. A fellow Spartan that was the fastest of the lot, and was the best CQB specialist in Blue Team.

"Kelly, Matt scout ahead and find a control room of sorts. Linda and I will try to find a way to turn the power back on." The words were spoken sharply and with authority; Fred-104 was the current leader of Blue Team and stood as the tallest among the Spartans at 7ft; Matt-094 and Kelly-087 both stood at 6ft 10in while the other Spartan, Linda-058 stood at 6ft 11in.

A round of green acknowledgment winks flicked up on the Spartans' HUDs before they set off towards their objectives.

The heavy footfalls of the Spartans could be heard echoing through the silent darkness; Spartan-094 had his assault rifle shouldered illuminating the path in front of him, searching for any signs of danger as they wandered through the station.

Both Spartans noticed the beam damage was becoming more pronounced and decided to follow the heaviest amount of damage. Room after room passed by the duo before they became stuck; a large blast door which was riddled with scorch marks and burrows in the advanced metal.

"I think I got something here, four." 'Blue Four' also known as Matt took his attention off of the large blast door, and walked over to Kelly who was standing over a strange metal pedestal.

"I think \_this\_, is how we open that blast door...however there is no power running through it." Nodding to his current partner, Matt turned his attention back towards where they came from and stood guard until power was restored.

Minutes became hours before a quiet whirring noise broke the silence of the dark hallways of the station. The sudden noise wasn't lost to the two Spartans however, as they immediately took up positions besides the corridor walls ready for an attack.

"Blue-1 to Blue 3 and 4, we may have restored power to this section. Be wary of Sentinel threat now that power is restored." The quiet whirring noise was starting to pickup in decibels as lights started to flicker on and off.

A loud monotone blared out in a strange fluid alien language, both Spartans outside the blast door swept their weapons around into different locations looking for any threat.

"\*\*Reclaimers detected; Capital's power at 5%. Reclamation procedures enacted.\*\*"

Scanning around the hallway which was now very well lit by unknown sources, the Spartans noticed the pedestal was now glowing a brilliant white with a green light on the top

Spartan-087 slowly walked to the glowing pedestal with her rifle shouldered. Once the Spartan reached the glowing pillar of light, she cautiously reached her hand out and pressed the green symbol into the glowing pillar.

A large rumble emanated before a mechanical hiss was heard, the noise was acted upon by the Spartans as they stood a few feet away from the door with their rifles trained onto the door. Eventually the massive blast door started to recede into the walls of the hallway revealing a very large and spacious room littered with glowing and flashing panels.

Slowly advancing into the room and checking their corners, they found the room to be clear and empty.

Looking around the room Matt suspected it to be a control point of some point with all the consoles around.

"Reclaimers, it seems that my makers fears where correct then. As the

Capital's Ancillary I welcome you to what used to be the central hub of the Forerunner Ecumene; I also bring bad news as several scans of the Galaxy show multiple differences meaning that my makers plan had succeeded but at the wrong time." The high pitched voice was carried through the station through means unknown to the Spartans acting on instinct they swept the room again looking for where the noise came from.

After a few seconds of sweeping the control room for the owner of the voice, Spartan-094 gazed at the now functional central holo-projector which displayed a strange Forerunner glyph.

"As a means of escape from the infection, the Builders alongside the Master Builder theorised that with the use of the Slipspace drive they could puncture into another dimension, which would allow travel between different universes. However as the drive activated Mendicant Bias took control over the station and halted it. Whatever happened when you first boarded Capital obviously re-engaged the process and here we are."

Another universe? This was a lot to take in for Spartan-094 as that meant there might not be a UNSC or even Humanity...if there was another Humanity in this universe are they space ready? In a war? It was all too much for him to comprehend at the moment.

"So, you're the Station AI?" Kelly walked towards the central hologram and waved her arm through the glyph.

"Forgive my manners Reclaimers; it has been a very long time. My name is Offensive Bias and current custodian of Capital."

"Offensive Bias...I can't seem to think of where I've heard that name before." Kelly was looking down towards the ground in a thoughtful pose

The sound of metal clunking rapidly came from down the hallway, hearing this Kelly and Matt readied themselves for a fight but the familiar sight of two Spartans eased them off from acting. The most senior Spartan, Fred 104 ambled up towards the central projector while looking towards Kelly.

"Kelly, it was from when John filled us in during his time away. Offensive Bias was an advanced Forerunner AI created to combat a rampant one named Mendicant Bias." Matt never got the chance to speak with John; he was too busy dealing with Covenant loyalists elsewhere when the others met up.

"You are indeed correct Reclaimer; it was a most destructive battle. You can still see the signs of the battle located on Capital."

"The question we want to know though Offensive is, are you rampant?" All the Spartans handled their guns with anticipation waiting for its response.

"You have no need to fear Reclaimers; Contender class ancillas cannot become rampant in a sense. The Contender class AI's were created to combat the flood, once Mendicant Bias' betrayal was revealed certain base codes were placed into the rest to prevent it ever happening again."

There was no way they could prove if the AI was rampant or not, they had to trust the AI that it wasn't and be ready just in case.

"Warning, unidentified ships nearing Capital."

That announcement broke the Spartan out of his musing, he rushed towards a screen where it showed a group of five ships flying towards the space station. The ship that Matt was looking at was the largest but scans showed it was only 600 meters long; the ship was rather strange looking as it had hard sloping edges, but between the two sloping fins stood a large cuboid shaped piece of metal protruding from the ship; the main weapon of the vessel by the looks of it.

"Can you give us extra views of the largest ship?" Fred was looking alongside Matt at the screens displaying the ships.

"Displaying them now, Reclaimer."

The screen split up into multiple fragments which showed the different sides of the ship but the writing on the side caught the Spartans attention as they could understand it. \_SSV Manchester\_. It was written in English and the name of ship was a city located in England.

"Offensive, get me a connection with the Captain of that ship."

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><p><em>SSV Manchester<em>  
><em>3<em>_rd__ Advanced Scouting Flotilla  
>Captain Elisa Castillo<em>
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On board the ship known as the \_SSV Manchester\_ chaos erupted on the CIC as people began to charge from station to station, each person trying to gather the necessary information for a plan of action. Elisa Castillo the captain felt scared too, a station of untold proportions powering up would scare any captain worth their rank.

The dangers of an unknown station were rife, it also didn't help that the VI aboard the \_Manchester\_ was struggling to gauge the power output of the station. Elisa had to check the stations herself as the reports felt exaggerated; it became apparent though that this station was a technological feat well beyond the Protheans.

"Alert Admiral Hackett that the station has become active and send all our reports with the alert. Make sure the \_Waterloo, Hastings, \_and \_Thermopylae \_are set up in a defensive formation around us and the Barcelona."

Elisa eventually walked to the command chair in the centre of her chaotic CIC as she watched her flotilla move into position. It did nothing to reassure the captain as she couldn't shake the feeling that should this planetary sized space station want them destroyed, they wouldn't be anything but debris.

"Admiral Hackett is on the line." The voice was filled with a nervous undertone which Elisa could sympathise with; this was meant to just

be a simple exploration mission.

"Put him through."

The window which showed outer space was actually a screen, before it changed to show an elderly gentleman sitting in a dark room only illuminated by the glow of his terminal screen, which also caught in the corner a lot of paperwork piled on his desk.

"I got your report Captain, these numbers are troubling if correct...not even the Citadel puts out anywhere near a fraction of these reports." The CIC was deathly silent as each of the crewmen watched on, waiting for their next orders in this situation.

"The Station is only drawing power from their source and not expending it...maybe the Station is only rebooting its systems and is uninhabited." Elisa's voice lacked any conviction which people could tell what she thought of her statement.

"If only we were so lucky, I've made sure to send a small response force under the guise of a training drill that should keep it under wraps so far. No ship is to leave after seeing or hearing reports about that station am I clear Captain? This station is a level 1 classified operation. Hackett out." The feed died before showing the said 'operation' floating in the distance.

"Ensign, activate an FTL comm. blanket; no messages are to leave am I understood? Lieutenant take us closer to the station so we can get better scans on it." A few shaky chorus of understanding rung out as the crew went back to their work stations looking nervous but excited at the prospect of discovering more.

Ever so slowly the station became increasingly larger, to the point where it was impossible to see more than the central platform on the main screen. It truly put things into perspective for the crew on board the five ships approaching the station. People couldn't help but be in awe when they first saw the Citadel marking it as a technological masterpiece, but it seems that even the Citadel was nothing compared to this artificial structure.

"Uh-Captain...I'm receiving a communication request from the Station." The ensign manning the communication desk was panicking behind his desk as he gazed from terminal to captain in rapid movements.

Castillo felt the blood drain out of her face and become rigid within her chair. Taking a deep breath to calm herself the captain nodded her ascent to patch them through, what she saw on the screen next puzzled her. A large figure covered in advanced looking black armour with a strange golden visor helmet which allowed no emotions to be seen stood there seemingly gazing into her soul.

"This is Lieutenant Junior Grade Sierra-104, to whom am I speaking?"

Elisa was stunned and so were her crew, the CIC was once again eerily silent as people gawped at the communication screen in shock.

"I am Elisa Castillo, Captain of the SSV Manchester and leading Captain of the 3rd Advanced Scouting Flotilla. May I ask how you can

speak English so well?" The golden visor of the individual's helmet made it impossible to make out any features and emotions which for Elisa set the tone of conversations.

"To answer your question simply, we are Humans... I believe this conversation is best had face to face, Captain. Offensive Bias could you please send them the co-ordinates of the nearest docking bay to us?"

Elisa couldn't believe it, Humans? No one had scouted out this far because of the cost of Element Zero needed to use FTL methods of getting here but yet here were two people claiming to be Human; their English was precise and fluent and they even held military ranks that were familiar to Humanities history.

"Ma'am, we have received co-ordinates that send us onto the largest platform near the centre of it. Should we proceed?"

Nodding absently, Elisa knew that she was going to get answers one way or another and maybe advance the Human cause with all this unseen technology that was bound to be on the station.

>Noticing they were within scanning range of where the transmission came from Elisa ordered for it to be scanned for Humans, four blips appeared in a large room on her scanner; 'only four of them eh? Shouldn't be too difficult should things turn ugly.'

"Have the marines ready to deploy when we reach the co-ordinates; I'm going to find out if they're Human or not."

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><p>Authors Note:<p>

This is an edited version of this Chapter, after reading through my work and through some suggestions I decided to re-do the chapter to improve it slightly.

Hey readers this is my first attempt at a crossover. I'm not new to the site as I've many accounts but I have so many ideas swirling around my head that it is hard to lock onto one and keep going with it. I'd like you lot to know that I'm English so I will be writing this story in the English version of words so please take that into consideration before moaning about incorrect spelling.

>I'm not perfect...far from it in fact and if you see any way that I can improve my writing skills to convey the story then please drop a review on how I can improve.<p>

The group of Spartans you should know is Fred-104, Linda-058 and Kelly-087. The other Spartan is an OC I made to fill out Blue team. If you wish to know about the Halo timeline we're looking at like is just after Halo 4 so there will be no Chief or Infinity unless people want them by popular demand.

The space station is the Capital where the Forerunners housed their politics and I shit you not they describe it as massive. The Citadel is 44.7km long compared to the central circle platform of Capital which has a diameter of 100,000km means you could fit over 2000 Citadels just along the central platform.



## 2. Meeting

**\*\*Universal Reclamation\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 2 " Meeting\*\***

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><p><em>Spartan-094<br>Blue-4

>Location: Capital Control Room<br>35 days before the Eden Prime Incident \_

Looking out of the control room window the Spartan couldn't help but stare across the unending scenery of Forerunner buildings and streets which spanned across the colossal platform; in fact you wouldn't know that you're in space unless you looked up into the infinite darkness which was space. Spartan-094 was lost in his thoughts; by seeing the captain's face he knew that Humanity inhabited this universe but by looking at the ships on the screens he could tell it wasn't his Humanity.

A tap on his shoulder brought him back from his musing, as he turned he noticed another Spartan standing next to him wearing the black MJOLNIR VII armour with the number 087 etched onto the left shoulder plate.

"I know what you're thinking, I'm sure Fred will figure something out." The soft feminine voice of Kelly-087 reassured Matt that he still had his fellow Spartans that he could work with, that they would find a way to sort this mess out together.

"I sure hope so."

"...Offensive Bias could you please send them the co-ordinates of the nearest docking bay to us?" Turning his attention back towards the video link Matt watched as Fred the leader of Blue team cut the connection before walking towards him and despite weighing at around a near metric ton in his armour the footfalls were relatively quiet.

"Offensive, could you show us where we will be meeting them and how to get there?"

"Of course, Reclaimer."

The large holo-projector which was currently showing the glyph faded, the schematics of the planetary sized space station appeared in its place before it zoomed in on the largest circular platform, which then showed the platform in great detail.

"As you can see Reclaimer, you are located here in the main control tower of Capital; the location I sent the Humans is here 230km south-east of your position as that is the closest docking facility to the main tower."

As the AI informed them of the information red circles and lines appeared on the holo-projector reinforcing its statements; the Spartans however felt like face-palming themselves as there was no way they could cover 230km in a couple of minutes. Fred was the one who voiced his opinion.

"There's no way we can cover 230km on foot in time Offensive. Is there another way to get there anyway quicker?"

"Of course Reclaimer, the teleportation grid is fully primed and operational. All you need to do is find a teleportation hub and then I'll transport you to the docks." At the mentioning of a teleportation hub a blue dot appeared a few rooms to the left of the control room.

"That makes it easier. Before we head out though we need to think about a defence plan should things go sour; Linda I want you to find a suitable location to provide over-watch and if necessary target removal. Kelly set yourself up in a flanking position near the docks while me and Matt will meet them head on for discussions." A round of green acknowledgement lights signalled that the orders would be carried out.

"Excuse me Reclaimers, if you wish for a defensive set-up I can activate the defences on this station. I can send multiple sentinels for protection if you wish and enable the anti-air batteries."

Spartan-094 knew about the sentinels but had never encountered any. During his time in the war he was mostly used in the fight against the Covenant, from what he heard from the rest of his team was that they were very efficient killing machines with a laser that could easily bring their shields down before burning the body so that Flood forms wouldn't be able to take over the body.

"Make sure the Sentinels aren't seen but are close by to provide support, keep the batteries locked on to targets just in case, but do not fire unless fired upon." Looking around the control room one final time the group headed off to the teleportation hub ready for transport.

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><p><em>SSV Manchester<br>3rd Advanced Scouting Flotilla  
>Captain Elisa Castillo<em>

When Elisa Castillo had first seen the Citadel she was in awe of such a station as it was beacon of power compared to the smaller stations, however this station was unbelievably large in fact most of the buildings on the platform were much larger than her cruiser; the power requirements alone would be unfathomable compared to the Citadel. What was more remarkable was that station ran on a different power system as there was no eezo detected whatsoever.

"Captain, we've lost the four contacts on the station, the station seems to be blocking further attempts at scanning."

That troubled the captain of the \_Manchester \_as they were now blind to whatever was going on on-board that station which meant should a fight breakout the people on that station have the element of surprise. What Elisa dreaded the most was losing personnel serving under as it was her responsibility, because of the unknown threat and ability of the black clad figures she wasn't going to risk losing marines by taking a hostile approach.

'If they're Human maybe we will be able to talk instead of fighting for no reason' It was hopeful thinking but Elisa had to with it as there had been no hostile act towards them so there was no need for a whole company of marines to go storming the station.

"Ma'am, we'll be docking on the station within ten minutes."

The CIC aboard the Manchester was a flurry of activity as she saw different members of her bridge crew rush to different stations trying to maximise the chances of survival should anything go wrong.

"Contact Gunnery Chief Ashton and have a squad of marines ready to escort me to see these people on the station, once I leave the XO has the bridge." After a series of confirmations Elisa stood up and walked out of the bridge heading towards her cabin where she kept her equipment.

As she walked down the corridor crew members stopped what they were doing and saluted her as she passed. After walking a small distance the captain reached her cabin which was moderately sized but well furnished inside; her first destination once she entered her cabin was her desk which within the top drawer held her service weapon, a Kessler Mark III which was a standard side-arm for captains in the System Alliance Navy.

>The next piece of equipment was the portable kinetic barrier which she could attach to her back on her service uniform once attached she booted up the shield and felt the familiar static raise the hair before regulating itself.<p>

"Touchdown in 5 minutes; Ground team assemble in the shuttle bay."

Once ready, Elisa headed towards the elevator of the Manchester at a brisk pace hoping to get to the shuttle with enough time for a small briefing on the rules of engagement. Once inside the elevator it only takes a few seconds before the door pings revealing a large room with several shuttles and a squad of 10 marines checking their weapons and kinetic barriers.

"Officer on deck!"

The shout immediately comes as one of the marines spot the Captain, to which every marine stands to attention and salutes. After returning the salute the Captain joined the group of marines as they started to slowly load up into the new experimental Kodiak shuttle which was tipped to replace the Mako.

"I'm sure the Gunnery Chief has briefed you on tactics but the rules of engagement on this mission are only engage when fired upon."

A chorus of 'Yes, Ma'am' rang around the shuttle compartment as the shuttle started its journey towards the destination sent to them. Elisa could hear the pilots and marines whisper about the station they were about to land on, and after a few minutes the pilots announced their descent which prompted the marines to form up on the shuttle doors ready to pour out and secure the area.

"Looks like we got company; two black figures are waiting at the co-ordinates and by the looks of it armed too."

'The other two are most likely hidden somewhere which means they are prepared for a fight.' The thought was chilling but highlighted the danger surrounding this meeting.

"Listen up marines, reports state there are four of them on-board this station which leave two unaccounted for; we will only engage them should they turn out hostile. I want first squad to scan the ground areas while the second squad will look for any crow's nests that could be in any of the nearby buildings." The marine barking out the orders was gunnery chief Ashton who was a middle-aged man at around 5ft 11in, all his other features weren't visible as most of the overlapping armour plates of his navy blue battle suit covered his body while the helmet visor was a tiny orange sliver over where his eyes would be.

"Touching down in 5...4...3...2...1."

The shuttle doors slid open quickly allowing the marine squad to pour out and check their zones. Elisa however wasn't watching the marines but the two large figures in what seemed to look like heavy black armour and the same golden visor helmets she saw earlier, these figures however didn't move a muscle they just stood there like statues with their guns leisurely pointing to the ground.

After been given the all clear, Elisa stepped out of the shuttle and waited as the marines formed up around her before setting off towards the black armoured individuals, but as they got closer they realised just how big they were; both the soldiers looked around about 6ft 11in which only made the captain more suspicious on their claims of being human, but other than that they seemed to share the same genetic traits of humans.

As they got closer the black armoured behemoth on the left stepped forward slightly which signified the person as the leader of the group, looking over both them quickly the only different feature among them was the number on their shoulder armour; the one who stepped forward had the number '\_104' while the one who hung back was '\_094'.

"Lieutenant Sierra-104, I believe we spoke earlier captain."

The voice was hard and definitely masculine which spoke of authority, but Elisa could only see her reflection in the golden visor as the man towered over her.

"Yes we have, I find it unlikely however that you are human as not many of our kind stand at your height."

Elisa waited for a few seconds as the armoured being didn't move or say anything other than look at her. Her reflection in the bright golden visor sent chills through her spine as the imposing height and size of his body radiated strength. The figure slowly brought his armoured gloves up, and an audible snap-hiss sound was heard before the being pulled off the helmet. Underneath the helmet was a very pale human face which was distinctively male, his features were very unique as a scar ran down his lip with another scar on his forehead cutting into his hairline. It was his eyes however which was the most discernible feature; they were a light grey which seemed incredibly sharp and poised.

After a few seconds the man placed his helmet back on with another snap-hiss sound before looking at the other marines who just stared at him and the other figure.

"Do you believe us now that we are Human?" The voice shook Elisa out of her thoughts.

"Yes I believe you now...I believe there are a lot of questions that need answered though."

"Yes there are, we too have questions we wish answered. Offensive, is there a meeting room or something along those lines on this station?" His voice seemed to ring out like he was talking to someone before another voice was heard, this voice however sent the marines and Elisa into a state of combat awareness as it sounded slightly high pitched and synthetic.

"Yes there is Reclaimer. If you go to the teleportation hub I will be able to send you there immediately."

"W-was that an AI?" The marines all muttered among themselves about the Geth and an AI.

"To answer your question Reclaimers you could call me an AI but the race that created me preferred the term Ancilla as I was much more than a mere artificial intelligence." The voice seemed to mock the idea of being associated with an AI, like it was beneath it.

Elisa knew trouble would come from this station and it seems that an AI has control of it, the situation kept on getting more and more dangerous as the AI had plenty of chances to kill them, why hasn't it already? It could've blown their ships out of space, it could've vented the space station and killed everyone but it hasn't.

>However the AI referred to them as Reclaimers whatever that was instead of Human what did that mean?<p>

"Why haven't you killed us yet AI? And what is a Reclaimer?"

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><p><em>Spartan-094<br>Blue-4<br>Capital Docking Bay<em>

"There is no reason for me to kill a Reclaimer. You are the child of my makers. Inheritor of all they left behind. You are Forerunner. My primary goal has been achieved so I have a new set of directives to follow, and that is the preservation and advancement of the Reclaimers set by my makers."

This was confusing, how could these Humans be Reclaimers also? They had travelled to another universe where Forerunners did not inhabit so they couldn't be the child of the Forerunners.  
>But what if they were somehow?<p>

Matt was losing his concentration at the task at hand and shook his thoughts away, and settled on watching the group of marines like a hawk; deep down Spartan-094 never wanted to raise a weapon at another Human, especially after the Human-Covenant war which left Humanity to

near extinction. The Spartan noticed that the marines seemed slightly tense while glancing around area rapidly.

"I think we need somewhere to go to have a proper meeting...preferably somewhere where I can sit." Matt looked towards the Captain who seemed incredibly young for such a position but it wasn't the age he was looking at, it was the small twitches in her hands, the eyes shifting from Spartan to Spartan, and the pale expression on her face which highlighted her frame of mind.

"If you'll follow us then we'll go to the teleportation grid." Spartan-092 watched as Fred walked off with the Captain which prompted the Marines to following them; Matt waited before he took up a place behind the group and followed them to the teleporter.

In the distance Matt could see the Captain talking to Fred and every so often the female captain would look back towards him and then divert her attention back to Fred again. Looking around Spartan-092 watched as a shadow jumped from rooftop to rooftop always keeping a vantage point on the marines, and looking at his motion tracker he noticed a yellow blip rapidly moving towards him and by the time he turned his head to the left another Spartan was walking alongside him at a very leisurely pace.

"What do you think Kelly?" The Spartan in question turned her head towards him before facing where they were going before replying.

"Basic standard marines, looking at their bodies I'm seeing average Human musculature and their armour seems rather basic, but until we either have a fight with them either for real or spar we won't know their true capabilities." Spartan-092 just nodded his agreement as all Spartans studied Sun Tzu's art of war \_'Know your enemy and know yourself and you can fight a hundred battles without disaster.'\_

When the group finally reached the teleportation hub, Matt could tell the marines were clearly shocked when they noticed another Spartan standing next to him. Time passed as they took up positions on the teleportation pad but nothing seemed to happen for a few seconds, that was broken however by Linda jumping off a rather large building situated in front of them and landing in the classical armour lock pose with her fist making a small dent in the floor as she landed.

The Spartan's suit became fluid again before walking over to the group of Spartans and marines standing on the teleportation hub totally ignoring all the stares she was receiving from the marines and captain. The stares reminded Matt of how new UNSC marines would look at them after a fight against the Covenant.

In the next few seconds a bright white light engulfed them and they found themselves standing in a conference room which had a large square table and numerous amounts of chairs around the table, the next feature was a holo-projector in the centre of the conference table.

The Spartans took the left side of the conference table while the marines and captain of the \_SSV Manchester \_went to the other side of the table and started to sit down. Kelly looked at the chairs on

their side of the table decided to see if it could take the MJOLNIR and her weight, which to Matt's surprise did without a squeak or groan from the metal of the chair.

Once everyone sat down Fred decided to break the silence that seemed to permeate in the conference room.

"It'll be easier if you ask the questions and we'll try to answer them." That comment received a nod from the female captain who seemed to relax into the chair she sat in.

"Who are you first of all?" The marines seemed quite interested as they leaned in closer to the table while giving occasional glances to Linda obviously remembering that she jumped off a tall building and survived without an issue.

"I am Sierra-104, Sierra-094 was with us when we met, next to him is Sierra-087 and next to me is Sierra-058." The statement received a frown from the captain.

"Don't you have names we could use instead of the phonetic alphabet codes with numbers?"

"No. Sierra is our designation as a Spartan and the number is our individual ID among each other." Matt was happy that they didn't have to reveal their names as it was a rather personal thing among the Spartans and they only gave out their names to people they emphatically trusted.

"So you're all Spartans what is that?" This was a risky subject as the SPARTAN-II Project was still deemed classified, and to disclose parts of it would be a break of the UNSC doctrine which all Spartans followed to the letter.

"The Spartan Project is a super soldier program. I can't elaborate further as all the details have been deemed classified." A marine at the edge groaned before activating an orange hologram on his arm and waving it over to another marine who had a smile on his face.

"The Systems Alliance has no super soldier program from what I know of and just by looking at you and this station I can tell there is more to this."

"We are from a group called the UNSC which stands for the United Nations Space Command. The UNSC is the military arm of the Unified Earth Government or UEG which represents Earth and all her colonies." As Fred kept talking about the formation of the UNSC and UEG, the captain opposite them seemed to frown more.

"The Systems Alliance is the representative body of Earth and all human colonies in Citadel space. They represent our military, exploratory and economic interests in the galaxy." After what seemed like hours it became apparent that they were talking about two different Humanities with corresponding history up to the point of when the Systems Alliance side found Element Zero.

Over the next few minutes the group decided to share information about their first contact history, the Spartans were surprised to find out while their first contact had begun poorly it soon worked out for them and began peaceful relationships with other races. When

it came for the Spartans to talk about their first contact they decided to show them instead of talking about it as it was still a sore point with Humanity.

Matt went through all of his helmet recordings and picked one that would truly show what destruction had been wrought upon them; the clip showed urban fighting on the planet of Eridanus II which showed the elites and their lances of grunts and jackals slowly pushing the defence back showing no mercy to the wounded. The video skipped when Matt was sure that they had shown enough ground fighting but before the video ended there was a small section of where the camera caught Eridanus II being glassed by the Covenant.

The Spartans could clearly see that the Systems Alliance had never experienced or seen such carnage before. It was silent for a while after the video but Fred thought it best to explain that Humanity had eventually prevailed; the video really did kill the meeting as the marines were deathly silent just staring at the holo-projector where the video once was.

"Reclaimers, I have run analysis and diagnostics on the slipspace drive and I fear I may have been too presumptions in our situation as the first recently accessed file of my makers was the theory of alternate dimension transport, but after extensive scanning of the drive I have arrived to the conclusion that we are still in the correct universe. In actual fact we are in the furthest galaxy in the known universe which strikes a large resemblance to our home galaxy which is very odd. That was the good news about the situation. The bad news is that power exerted to reach this galaxy has irreparably damaged the slipspace drive aboard Capital. Until a new Capital station slipspace drive is created which will take several years just to make we are unable to travel back to our galaxy."

At least they were in the same universe which was a huge burden lifted but it would be several years before they could return home, it became clear that the Spartans needed a plan and something to occupy those years while they waited before they could head home.

It was apparent to the Spartans that these Humans were the same as back in their home galaxy which meant that they had a duty to protect them. Each Spartan knew what the other was thinking as it was engrained into them ever since the Covenant war which was to protect Humanity at any cost but they were trained to be loyal to the UNSC only which was causing turmoil within them.

"So you're stuck here for the foreseeable future?" Matt could see that the female captain had an idea in her head which made the Spartan seem uneasy.

"You're all Humans so why not join the Systems Alliance? We could defiantly put you to good use."

"No. We are still in the same universe as the UNSC just separated by a large distance therefore we are still bound by the UNSC doctrine." Spartan 094 was in agreement he wouldn't serve the Systems Alliance as he was bound by the UNSC and UEG not another group of Humanity.

"Fine, I see you won't change your stance but you could at least potentially help us; Humanity is a fourth-rate player in this galaxy



here, the council refuse to let us develop at the rate we wish to grow. Our military is only allowed limited numbers of dreadnoughts which put us at a massive disadvantage with the rest of council ruler species as they are allowed more than us. This station could change that. It would allow us to expand further without the worry of the Council." The Spartan could clearly see that they were very passionate almost to the point of pleading with them for the use of Capital.

A beep inside of Matt's helmet informed that a secure line had been patched through by Fred and to the rest of the Spartans.

"We could allow them to use the station but with rules attached to them I guess; that once the Slipspace device is completed we will leave with the station back to our own galaxy." That made the idea plausible for Matt but the information in Capital was endless and it could very well contain advanced Forerunner weapons and ships which could be a danger to the UNSC should they ever meet.

"If we are going to allow this we should also approve whatever technology to give them; the information on this station could have Halo array schematics or advanced weaponry which could pose a serious danger to all life in this universe and should the Systems Alliance decided to ever leave this galaxy they could be a danger to the UNSC." A few nods from the other Spartans showed agreement amongst themselves that the technology would be moderated to a level. The line was cut and the Spartans turned their attention back towards the Systems Alliance members.

"We are willing to allow you use of this station...with rules attached of course." The happiness on the captain's face about the use of the station showed but then scepticism became obvious when rules were mentioned.

"What kind of rules?"

"The first rule would be that as soon as the slipspace drive for Capital is complete that the station will then leave back to our galaxy this is non-negotiable. The second rule would be that certain technology on this station if here will be not be allowed access to, once again this is non-negotiable." The Spartans noticed the frown on the captain's face but after a few seconds she nodded again.

"No offence but there are only four of you compared to the millions of Systems Alliance personnel we could easily just storm this place should we want to and use the information as we see fit." Matt turned his attention towards the young marine who spoke out but was beaten to the rebuttal.

"You could very well try young Reclaimer, but if these Reclaimers wish this station to be in their possession it will stay that way. This station has numerous defence protocols which encompass every known attack conceived and will be able to repulse them with ease." Spartan-092 could believe that considering how advanced the Forerunners had been and it was satisfying for Matt to see the marine who spoke out to shrink back into his chair after the announcement.

"May I ask AI, why these four Humans will receive special treatment?" The female captain was obviously jealous in Matt's opinion.

"These Reclaimers are not only from my makers own galaxy but they have the true genetic code to be considered Reclaimers. While your Humanity may have some of the genetic code for Reclaimer status you are still lacking certain genetic traits that these Reclaimers possess." Spartan 092 watched the captain closely as she seemed to be thinking before a look of clairvoyance crossed her face.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Captain Elisa Castillo<br>Capital Conference Room\_

'These soldiers must have been genetically altered or gone through augmentation in their super soldier program.' It was easy to confirm that by just remembering how tall each of the Spartans were. Elisa while technically unable to agree to a deal like this figured it best that she should as who knows what technological wonders they might be able to use from here.

"I'll agree to the terms and conditions you have put forth but I'll need my superiors to sign away on this you understand." The lead Spartan only gave a sharp nod as understanding.

"I have detected an extra ten ships 400,000km away from Capital, Reclaimers." The holo-projector showed the ten ships which Elisa recognised as Systems Alliance; 1 Dreadnought, 3 Cruisers and 6 Frigates a standard patrol fleet was approaching the space station.

"They are the reinforcements I requested when this station powered up, you have nothing to fear. So if you'll excuse me I'll need to return to my ship to file my report." The Spartans rose out of their chairs and proceeded to lead the group to the teleportation hub which amazed the captain as technology such like that could have huge advantages for the Alliance.

A flash of light and they were close to their shuttle which only took them a few more minutes to reach, and once they arrived they calmly loaded into the shuttle. Once in Elisa told the pilots to contact the patrol group and inform them that everything was okay and she was on her way to inform command on what happened. The trip was quite short but was rife of talk with the marines main topic being about the Spartans and the AI.

Once they arrived on the \_SSV Manchester, \_her first destination was to her cabin where she could set up a secure feed to Admiral Hackett to inform him of the developments on the station as he would need to clear the deal she made with the Spartans. Once she was sitting behind her desk she made sure that the FTL Comm. blanket was disabled before connecting an encrypted feed to Admiral Hackett.

"Captain Castillo, how is everything over there?" Admiral Hackett was sitting behind his desk completely ignoring the paperwork he was working on when Elisa interrupted him.

The report to Admiral Hackett took a long time but as the report went on Hackett seemed to be staring off into nothing thinking about the ramifications. Elisa had to admit she was incredibly wary of the Spartans and even more so of the AI which controlled the whole station but the advantages of the station surely outweighed the

potential danger.

"I have to say Captain Castillo that the idea of an AI controlling such a large station sounds incredibly dangerous and that's before we even talk about the technology it could possess. These Spartans also seem incredibly dangerous as super soldiers would only be used or needed for one reason only and that is war...while they are Human I am still sceptical of them especially their terms and conditions on the use of the station; as you said they seem to have unshakable loyalty to this 'UNSC' and the only reason to limit our access to certain technology is so that if our two Humanities ever met it would be them who would be the most advanced.

>Despite the danger and risk involved Humanity needs this as the Council are becoming tighter and tighter on us by not allowing us to be able to defend ourselves or in their eyes oppose them which is becoming frustrating. I'll give the operation the green light and send our scientists with a small fleet to protect them; I will also come along to finalise the deal on the station, let's just hope that none of the risks pan out. Hackett out."<p>

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><p><strong>Authors Note:<strong>

I'll respond to the reviews first;

Spartan-G257: I hope that answers you're question on how Capital is affected. It was quite amusing as when I got you're review I already wrote out the segment about what happened and when it'll be 'fixed'.

BAMS: No Fred was only promoted to Lieutenant Junior Grade by Kurt-051 as he was dying but other than that no he wasn't promoted again.

Saddas74: Yeah I wanted to create an original story and I saw the crossover section was lacking in the advancement of the Systems Alliance as the whole section is pretty much filled with the OSA roflstomping everything they see.

Killroy225: Fred-104, Kelly-087 and Linda-058 were trapped in the Dyson Sphere on Onyx but this set at the end time of Halo 4 so they are already out of the Dyson Sphere.

Themythick: Just because an AI says something doesn't mean it has to be true as they can be wrong from time to time.

Alec McDowell: Yeah it will take awhile if the Systems Alliance was to integrate the technology in a normal way but Capital is the pinnacle of Forerunner technology so there must be cool stuff inside Capital. I wish people from 343 would utilize Capital as it seems to be a fantastic idea.

Dragonheart967: Thanks for the criticism I'll be sure to look out for that now. With Offensive Bias' entrance it is hard as he is never described and only mentioned in the Halo 3 terminals but I'll be sure to edit the first chapter soon.

Ero-sennin56: You are correct that John-117 leads blue team but he is not here so that responsibility is now Fred-104s. As to where the

Chief is; he is on the \_UNSC Infinity\_ which may or may not make an entrance.

Luckiswithyouall: Going for a mixture of both as we know that Spartans are the pinnacle of war fighters I may send one or two of the Spartans to join Shepard and this story could flare tensions between the species to breaking point and who knows after the Reapers are dealt with maybe the galaxies might meet.

I'd like to thank everyone that has followed or favoured this as it shows that people are interested in this and a huge thank you to the people who reviewed my work as it allows me to gauge your response to this story.

Viper out.

### 3. An Agreement and a Shadowy Presence

**\*\*Universal Reclamation \*\***

**\*\*Chapter 3 "An Agreement and a Shadowy Presence\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p><em>Admiral Steven Hackett<br>Capital Meeting Room  
>32 days before the Eden Prime Incident<em>

Light blue eyes that held sharp intelligence scanned the orange holographic data pad which was handed to him when Hackett met the Spartans in control of the grand station, the information on it was terms and conditions of use of the station that even a team of lawyers would struggle to find leeway in. These conditions ranged from limitations to weapons, energy and ship production all the way to number of Alliance personnel that could be placed on Capital at a given time.

Hackett didn't like the idea of a station the size of multiple planets being so undermanned but he could see the reasoning as there were only four Spartans on the station compared to the thousands of personnel they would let on. The technology that he was given a brief showing of was impressive to say the least; improved coolant for the ships allowing constant firing without fear of overheating, limited access to the shipyard on board Capital that could create ships within days.

Even though the terms and conditions were constrictive it was apparent to Hackett that the technological advances would outstrip the disadvantages, technology like this would ensure Humanities position as a major player in the galaxy and Hackett was willing to place his career on the line to make it happen.

"You have yourself a deal, Spartan."

The elderly gentleman gazed from the datapad to the other occupant across the table from him. The hard bulky plates of the black armour were a stark contrast to the reflective golden visor which allowed no facial features to be seen.

"I'm glad we could come to an agreement, Admiral. The information

there showed what would happen should the conditions be broke, I also have no doubt that Offensive Bias would be able to enact them successfully."

Hackett was sure of it also, the one condition that seemed excessive was the taking of unapproved or banned schematics of technology, the punishment in Hackett's eyes clearly pointed towards death for the perpetrators and the Alliance being forced off the station.

"If the Citadel Council found out about this station, there would be a full scale fleet outside seeking to take control of it to 'ensure galactic security'."

In the centre of the meeting room table a holo-projector lit up displaying a spinning blue Forerunner glyph.

"This station and everything Forerunner was left behind as a legacy to the Reclaimers...not a collective of undocumented alien races. I will do everything in my power to ensure this station stays in the possession of the Reclaimers."

That was another downside Hackett saw in this situation, that not only was it an AI fully in control of this station but the AI's main purpose was warfare. Admiral Hackett knew it was only a matter of when the Council found out about this station and not 'if', he only hoped that Humanity would've gained enough new technology to act as a deterrent for them to attack but only time would tell.

The next few days was hectic for both parties involved; the Alliance discreetly sending their top scientists and researchers to learn all that they could, the Spartans themselves had enlisted the aid of the sentinels to scan for any malicious items and to provide a watchful eye of their visitors, while the Spartans sifted through what seemed an unending database of technology approving or banning their exposure.

The Spartans themselves were shocked at the information on the main database of Capital; schematics for the Halo Array, Fortress Class vessels and the Composer were all on the database which was easily accessible before being quickly locked under the highest security encryption that Offensive could make.

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><p><em>Spartan-104<br>Capital Control Room  
>24 days before the Eden Prime Incident<em>

A black gauntleted hand swiped through a Hardlight projection shifting the data on the screen before either pressing a red Hardlight panel or a green one. This method was how the Spartans approved technology given to the Systems Alliance.

\_Trinity Star Energy Reactor\_

\_As the name aptly states the energy reactor has the power yield of 1153800000 yotta watts which upon comparison is equal to the power output of three Class O Stars. This would allow advance weaponry and shieldi-\_

The Spartan shifted his hand before pressing in the red panel which

placed the technology in a secure domain which was unable to be accessed by anyone other than the Offensive who would only answer to the Spartans.

### \_Level 18 Combat Skin\_

\_This was the last update to the Combat Skins in an attempt to combat the flood infection, the reactor attached to the combat is the Eternity reactor which is capable of sustaining the wearer in a combat role indefinitely, because of the sheer amount of power that is available the Level 18 Combat Skin utilises the best advancements that the Forerunners had.\_

Fred paused when glancing over the specs of the armour schematics; this was essentially the Forerunner's MJOLNIR but much more advanced which intrigued the Spartan to no end.

"I see you have found the Level 18 Combat Skin, Reclaimer. It was truly an armour to be reckoned with...but there were only a few made due to the sheer cost of miniaturising the Eternity reactor, had we had more time we might've been able to make more and maybe help stem the Flood push. Unfortunately Capital's resources are essentially empty, until the mining sentinels and production facility on the fifth platform are fully operational we won't be able to fabricate anything."

Deciding it best to lock away the schematics, Fred once again hit the red panel sealing the information away from the wrong hands. This was becoming slightly tedious for the highest ranking Spartan in this galaxy as he was hitting the red panel more than the green but then again this was a precaution should the Alliance ever meet the UNSC.

"How long would it take for this Station to become fully operational and able to produce those items I just viewed?"

"It could be between several months to a year before there were enough resources to restart the resource production plant."

Several months could be an issue, most notably from the alien government that seems to enjoy keeping other races from advancing should they find out about Capital's existence. It seems that time and resource constraints were the only thing limiting this Station's effect on the galaxy.

"Is there a quicker way we could get the resources needed?"

"There is. The sentinels are able to cannibalise entire planets stripping them of the resources which would be more than enough, the drawbacks however to such a method is rather high as you could imagine; loss of potential life on the planet, the disappearance of a planet would alert other races and that's if they didn't discover the sentinels stripping the planet."

"Hopefully it won't be needed Offensive."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Alex Hammond<br>Capital Research Terminal A-P  
>20 days before Eden Prime incident<em>

Four days had been spent shifting through technology the Systems Alliance could have access to and while some would be breakthroughs in area such as entertainment and communications there was very little in the form of warfare.

Alex had been tasked to find and select technologies which could help the Alliance maintain its borders from aggressors. 'Weapons in other words' Alex grumbled to himself as he was denied access to files that were clearly weapon systems.

\_Ion Beam Accelerator - Denied\_

\_Energy Projector â€" Denied\_

\_Plasma Turrets - Denied\_

\_Picket Cruiser â€" Denied\_

\_Keyship â€" Denied\_

Sighing in frustration, Hammond decided to read the History codex of Capital's creators and clicked on the battle of the Maginot Line. It was as expected heavily censored once again only referring the attackers as 'the enemy' but what caught his eye was a ship named the Revenant End and surprisingly being able to access the file.

\_Revenant End â€" Fortress Class Vessel\_

\_The ship Revenant End was used in the defence of the Maginot Line, this ship was responsible for the destruction of 17,278 enemy ships before the ship succumbed to the sheer numbers of the attackers. The Fortress Class vessel were incredibly resistant towards the enemy and proved to easily outmatch anything that stood in their path but unfortunately the sheer numbers of the enemy were enough to pushback these behemoths.\_

Hammond was shocked that a battle let alone a ship could have so many numbers of confirmed kills. The idea of a single ship facing down a legion of ships and destroy them was both terrifying of how advanced this race was but also damn exciting to the scientist. Wanting to learn more of this class Hammond clicked on Fortress Class only to be denied its specifications.

Not deterred however Hammond copied the information of the Revenant End and sent the information to his supervisor, who would hopefully then send it up the chain to Admiral Hackett. Hammond could only hope the custodians of this station were willing to compromise on certain areas.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Admiral Steven Hackett<br>Capital Meeting Room A-1  
>18 Days before the Eden Prime Incident<em>

Admiral Steven Hackett once again found himself about to try and move the immovable object but this time through words, sitting directly opposite him was the de-facto leader of the custodians aboard this station; Spartan-104, Fred.

The large powered armour barely fitted inside the chair but none of the Spartans seemed willing to take the armour off even for a short period. Admiring the aesthetic beauty of the sharp and controlled architecture around him Steven Hackett wondered what other secrets this station possessed that the custodians wanted away from daylight.

"I received a rather eye raising codex file from one of our scientists on this station. A ship named the Revenant End."

Once the elderly admiral had spoken the name of the ship, the room darkened and the holoprojector came to life bathing the room in a light blue glow. In the projection was a 3-D image of a ship; the hull was divided into three sections: the foremost section of the ship was a massive hemispherical structure 10 kilometers in diameter. Below the dome was a midsection composed of layered platforms supporting landing bays and weapon mounts while the aft section of the ship is a long "tail" covered in what looks like gun emplacements and other forms of strange technology.

"This vessel is a Fortress Class vessel...something that had been denied access to due to the sheer carnage and destruction it could wreak upon this galaxy."

Admiral Hackett felt his temper flare slightly but kept it within check as he watched the 3-D model slowly spin around showing the whole ship.

"Yes that is one purpose of a weapon...but couldn't the other purpose be a deterrent? You came from a galaxy where Humanity were the weaker force technologically and you suffered casualties in the billions but a ship like this could've prevented that had you had access to it, Humanity in this galaxy cannot even suffer a fraction of that, by keeping this station a secret we have effectively broken a multitude of Council laws which would spark a great deal of tension and most likely lead to war against a multitude of races. A war in which Humanity wouldn't last long in...We have fewer dreadnoughts than the Turians, Asari and Salarians on their own, not to mention we are behind them technologically. It would effectively be a one sided war and after the inevitable defeat we would be kept in check and unable to grow. I ask of you to allow us access to this, not for the purpose of conquering others but in the defence of Earth and all her colonies and ensure Humanity's place among the stars."

Hackett remained calm and convicted throughout his speech while staring at the Spartan hoping to appeal to his sense of Humanity; it was only after a few tense seconds in which Hackett felt that the Spartan was trying to see if he meant his words of defence.

"I find that reasonable, Admiral Hackett. But there are a few problems with just giving the Alliance the Fortress Class vessel."

"And what problems would be talking about?"

The hologram flicked before a small dot appeared next to the Fortress class model. The hologram slowly zoomed in on the dot before Hackett realised the dot was actually the SSV Everest to a scaled size.



Hackett watched as the Spartan slide a tablet across the table which he deftly picked up and looking at him was the specifications to the Fortress Class vessel.

\_Fortress Class Vessel

>Length: 50-100km<br>Height: 10-20km

>Width: 10-20km<em>

\_35-75 Energy Projectors

>1750-3500 Hardlight Torpedo bays<br>2500-5000 Pulse laser defence turrets\_

\_1000 Picket Cruisers

>1700 Dropships<br>2000 War Sphinxes

>Sentinel Production Facility<em>

Hackett was entirely speechless that ship like this existed and was mass produced as a capital ship for a race. The SSV Everest optimal crew standard is 450 but for a ship 100 times larger in length alone would require manpower unprecedented, it would just be impractical for them to try and run a ship that large.

"We just don't have enough manpower...we probably could make it work but the Council would instantly notice the missing Alliance personnel."

"Maybe I can help Reclaimers, if you design a ship to your standards but a bit inflated to around 8-9km in length and about 1km-2km in width I can then have the Shipyard outfit the ship with advance Forerunner technology such as the Energy Projector."

Though Hackett was loathed to admit it but the Forerunner AI seemed to always find an acceptable compromise to every situation, sometimes the elderly admiral wondered if the dangers about AI had been tainted by the experience with the Geth.

"The other issue is getting the resources to start the production facilities, while stripping a planet would be a quick solution it would be preferred if we stripped asteroids out of normal reach to prolong detection. I also have another idea..."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Councillor Tevos<br>Citadel Council Chambers

>15 days before the Eden Prime Incident<em>

Laughing was her first opinion at seeing the Systems Alliance new 'secret' ship design, a ship proposed to be over 8km in length was currently unfeasible and if it was possible would bankrupt Humanity as the Destiny Ascension nearly bankrupted the Asari Republic.

Reading on however did suggest they were going to at least try which was worrying; the information was heavily audited and the STG were unable to get an unedited version which was setting alarm bells off. The most important information which was powering the vessel was 'REDACTED' along with the weapons planned to be used.

"I say let Humanity attempt it; not even the Turian Hierarchy, Asari

Republic and Salarian Union could build this together let alone. It just shows aggressive and foolish their species are." Sparatus couldn't stop chuckling when he had the report and would no doubt keep his opinions of Humanity in the gutter still.

Still, Councillor Tevos didn't want to see a powerful and influential new member of the Citadel crumble because of the economical demands of such a vessel. It would essentially cost trillions of credits something not feasible for any race to undertake.

"We should at least raise the issue with them; I don't want to see the whole of Humanity suffer because of the power lust of a few individuals in power. There are decent Humans who will suffer needlessly contrary to your opinion Sparatus."

"It would be unwise to inform them Tevos, it would highlight that the STG has access to their secure files which would only cause unneeded tension. The Salarian Union has no issue with Humanity in this endeavour but is most interested in what sparked such an undertaking." Councillor Valern still hadn't taken his eyes away from his Omni Tool as he typed away.

"Regardless to my opinion on Humanity, the sections on power supply and weapons being redacted is very worrisome. It suggests that they might've solved the problem that plagues eezo vessels and are unwilling to share even amongst their own kind. The Treaty of Fairaxen would need to be revised should they be able to produce ships of this calibre." Tevos sighed upon the mentioning of the treaty, it was always being mentioned with the Turians.

"Let's not get ahead of the current task they have to perform shall we? The cost alone would bankrupt them to find the sufficient eezo and refine it. Should they produce the ship we will then talk to the Humans over the issue...on a more important note I have received reports of a Prothean artefact on Eden Prime, a perfect test run for Nihlus to evaluate Shepard..."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Spartan 104, Fred<br>Capital Control Room\_  
><em>11 days before the Eden Prime Incident<em>

"I'll give them 1 out of 10 for originality." Kelly's sarcastic quip made the Spartans in the control chuckle. She was spot on though; the Systems Alliance had essentially used the SSV Everest shape and made it larger to fit within the 8km to 9km range.

The specifications of the ship would be 8764km in length and 1349km in width, over the past week Fred had authorised mining sentinels to scour asteroids and remote planets outside of the relay network for harvesting. Slowly but surely the reservoirs of resources were slowly filling; the first task of which was using the resources to create the Alliance's new dreadnought.

"It's practical for them and familiar; at least they didn't go for what these 'Asari' like...too Covenant shaped for my liking." Fred looked over to the fourth Spartan "a recent addition to Blue team, Matt and nodded.

"From this Humanities history the Asari were the only race to stop

the contact war from becoming something worse...remember that." While Fred didn't like sticking up for these Asari he respected their approach for peace and what Soldier didn't like peace?

"Are you sure we can trust this Admiral Hackett that the ship we are building won't be used aggressively?" Linda's cynical thought processes always helped of planning for worst case scenarios...also one of the main reasons why she worked so well alone.

"I've talked to Offensive Bias about creating an AI with the purpose of monitoring, and if needs be controlling this new dreadnought to ensure that certain agreements are met. Hackett also knows this and has agreed." With Kelly's helmet off you could see the incredulous look on her face which was framed by her shocking red hair.

"Just like that? You told him we will install an AI...a concept they absolutely fear and he just agreed?"

"He understands our concerns and has even admitted that an AI could make the vessel even more effective." Fred looked at his fellow Spartans and when he saw no reply coming knew that this part of the conversation was effectively over.

"Now to the more urgent reason why I gathered us here, Offensive if you will?" Upon the statement the other three Spartans seemed to tense in their seats and lean forward showing their utmost concentration, the room dimmed before the holoprojector in the middle of the table ignited showing the galaxy map.

"Greetings Reclaimers, it had come to my attention that several hours ago a series of data transmissions were sent from this station out towards a location in the galaxy. After hours of bouncing off many different signals and planets I finally traced the destination to the Horsehead Nebula as this galaxy refers it to. Upon further research it turns out there are no Alliance bases in their database, even the classified database shows no knowledge of any Alliance base locations in the Horsehead Nebula. It is within my opinion that the Systems Alliance has several key personnel who are in actual fact spies and operatives of another faction...this faction are clearly not working for any of the other species otherwise there would be a fleet here no doubt, the highest odds are pro-humanity terror group and upon further research I have found two likely suspect groups; the Terra Nova party who clearly show their xenophobic roots and a less known shadow organisation known as Cerberus."

\* \* \*

><p><em>That's the end of this chapter, sorry for taking so long but work and life has kept me busy from completing this chapter. On another note I would like to ask whether or not you would like to see the Mass Effect 1 story pan out from one of the Spartan's point of view " if so, which Spartan would you like to see accompany Shepard on his/her trip to save the universe from giant squids?

>I couldn't possibly tell you the next time I can update but I will try to crank out some paragraphs between work now...not to mention some other ideas for a story.<em>

Thanks for reading and sticking with it.  
>Viper.<p>

End  
file.